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For the Tablet.

Almanza,

A MOORISH TALE.

Translated from the French.

THE beautiful Almanza, the daughter of Abdaral, a Moorish chief, and descendant of an Arabian family, illustrious in oriental records, was unfortunately attached to Pedro, a young and gallant Spaniard in the camp of Isabelle. Previous to the siege of Granada her lover had found many opportunities for private interview with Almanza, either at their appointed meetings, or when protected by disguise he had gained admittance to her residence. At the commencement of that memorable event, however, he was at once reduced to the alternative of failing in his duty to his Queen, or of joining in the attack upon that city which contained the object of his love. His father, Don Alphonso, was the sworn enemy of all the Moors, and especially of the parent of Almanza, who, in return, detested every Spaniard, and viewed Alphonso with abhorrence. It is indeed difficult to conceive of a situation more harassing than that which awaited these two lovers. Hope which often will sustain the guilty or the wretched, shed not even the faintest glimmer upon the darkness of their souls—they believed that they had reached the summit of misfortune, and yet their actual danger and distress was far beyond the utmost of their fears.

The courageous Almanza having secretly received a letter from her lover, returned by the same conveyance, the following reply.

"No, my dearest Pedro, I surrender not myself to the influence of that despair which has impelled you forward. Our happiness may be destroyed, but our honor yet remains. Our duties are indeed opposite,—our interests are widely separated, but they yet demand our care. Persecution never can destroy our integrity and principle, nor eradicate our thoughts. Like the lofty trees of the mountain over which the unchained winds of heaven are sweeping in their fury, they will still remain immovable. Life, liberty, and their attendant blessings may be influenced by circumstances, or the will of those around us—but true dignity of character and elevation of thought

depend upon ourselves. I too oppose your nation, they are my aversion,—but have I not loved you? Follow then the example which I offer, retain your hatred of the Moors, yet love Almanza. But faithful still to our country and our cause, let us not, in the indulgence of affection, commit that which hereafter would ensure for us reproach. The pebble which yields not to the pressure of my foot, and which sparkles with the scintillations struck from it by the iron hoofs of our coursers, and is yet unbroken, is not harder than the heart of Abdaral my father. He has witnessed the exhibition of my grief. Yes! daughter as I am of the Arabs of the desert, I have avowed it to him with my prayers. I have shed before him those tears which my overflowing eyes could not restrain, and they have remained unmoistened, they have grown more fierce with wrath when your name has escaped my lips. Imitate, then, my actions. Without forgetting love, continue to obey the duty which demands the sacrifice of my life. Leave not the standard of your Queen—she is indeed marching against me, but follow still her banner.—Avoid and respect my father in the combat, yet fulfil your fatal destiny. I had rather behold you a conqueror upon our walls, or gaze upon you when expiring beneath the tottering ramparts of Granada, than to find you basely abandoning the cause you have adopted. You are now nothing but unhappy—become not worthy of contempt. It is true that patience is not often exercised without support or courage when deprived of hope, but the triumphs of virtue belong of right to souls like ours. Your letter exhibits but too much of that weakness which attends on suffering. Cease these complaints, my Pedro, they are useless, nay more, they are disheartening. For what are we endeavoring, and what object shall we gain by these unfruitful murmurs. Is not the sand of the desert borne away in the bosom of the whirlwind, and shall we, the feeble atoms of this earth, seek to bend all things to our will? Believe not, Pedro, that your Almanza exhibits any decrease in her love while thus addressing you. No, that love is still as pure and strong as the virtue which sustains it. What indeed is that affection,—that frivolous tenderness which I see around me? Is it truly love? Is it a sentiment of the heart, undying in its nature? It is nothing but a species of

chivalric gallantry, embodying neither the devotedness nor the development of the ardent possessions of my own far distant clime. The lovers of Granada are but gallant shepherds. Her heroes nothing but the tilers of the list, decked with ribbands and devices, imitating the noble actions of a real lover in the presence of their mistresses, in the same degree that they do illustrious combats in their feeble tournaments. It is not thus, Pedro, that we learn to conquer, and it surely is not thus that we can learn to love. It is true that I demand of you the sacrifice of love to duty, and yet I am unwilling that you should ever cease to recollect those sufferings I would undergo for you. Adieu, my beloved Pedro. Our destinies are fixed and nothing can divide them. Hope, courage, fidelity, glory, or death, are all that now remains."

It is easy to determine, from this letter, the elevated character of Almanza; and Pedro knew too well its firmness to admit a hope of conquering her resolution. He obeyed her injunctions, and marched under the walls of Granada. It was there that, alone in his tent at midnight, consumed by his excited passions, and yielding to despair, he thus answered his beloved and cruel mistress.

"Your voice has been heard. I have obeyed your wishes, and am now beneath the walls which you inhabit. Your lover has himself sharpened those murderous blades, which are about to shed the blood even of your father. Aided by the darkness of the night, I have placed before the ramparts of your city, those terrible implements of war, which are about to hasten their subversion, and open a passage for the entrance of our soldiers, thirsting for blood and massacre. I shall guide their movements, and perhaps, unconscious of my actions, shall direct them in my fury to your tranquil residence. Are you now content, Almanza, with the sacrifice I have presented? Is that misnamed energy of yours satisfied—that energy which is nothing but a culpable insensibility? Fatal indeed is this exaggeration of a soul exalted beyond reason by its love of duty. See then to what a situation we are now reduced. Misfortune is overwhelming us beyond a remedy, and every event is but dissipating still more widely our fancied hopes of union. All might have been repaired. I could have quitted an army whose service

I detest; you could have abandoned those walls, which ought to be the objects of your hatred, since they form our separation.—United in secret by the holiest of ties, we might have withdrawn from the power of tyrants—and who could have restrained us? Of what importance to us are the quarrels of the Moors and Isabelle? What am I and what my station in this army? A simple officer, unrecognized amidst the numerous subalterns who surround me—ought I to immolate my happiness for political intrigues? This night—this very night might have restored you to me, by that secret entrance which has so often favored our remembered interviews. That star of heaven, which now beams only upon my despair, might have guided our uncertain footsteps, or have shone in brightest splendor as a gem of love. Go—you have never loved me. Repeat no longer, that you are descended from the Arabs of the desert—they have left enstamped upon you, their ferocity of manner. Boast then of the courage you possess, and become still more insensible. Each project that you form, each word you utter, is but wringing from me tears of blood. And yet, Almanza, tremble, for you know not the design which has brought me hither. When, in the delirium of despair, my hand shall announce its obedience to your command—when I shall be present, scattering death within your walls, even then you will not perceive it. There are efforts, which to some seem supernatural, that are yet within the power of man. Fury has alone become my counsellor, and the order you have given, I abhor. The arms I bear, I have blunted or have broken, and I am ready, even to scatter in a thousand fragments, that banner which has been confided to my care, and for which you demand fidelity. Fidelity? I am faithful to *despair*. Almanza, at once the delight and the torment of my life, you know of what the heart is capable, when hope has fled forever.”

This letter reached Almanza, and bore with it, trouble to her soul. She was indeed courageous; but whatever force we may possess in struggling against a danger, we have ascertained, it degenerates into weakness, when employed in regard to that which is uncertain.

It was in this crisis of affairs, that Almanza again addressed her lover, designing to obtain, if possible, the secret he had mentioned, and to lead him to relinquish those attempts, which, she knew, must be disastrous. But alas, the slave who bore her answer, was observed and massacred—though, as a faithful messenger to his trust, at the first approach of danger, he committed her letter to the stream. The waves swept away the tender mystery, and the slave perished, faithful to his mistress.

The siege, in the mean time, was rapidly advancing, and Pedro almost indignant at receiving no answer from Almanza, had determined to prosecute at once, the designs which he had formed. His wanderings

around the city were constantly repeated, and he often approached the fortifications, in utter disregard of the danger he incurred. His intention was to penetrate within the gate, and to discover the secret passage, known only to the slave. At length led on by desperation, he determined to force an entrance, preferring, should he fail in his attempt, the chains and cruelties of his enemies, to freedom in the camp of Isabelle. He esteemed as a source of happiness, the privilege of passing the remnant of a lingering existence, in the dungeons of the Moors, since it would but bring him nearer to Almanza. The occasions which he sought for were constantly presented, since each successive day witnessed the sallies of his enemies, for the purpose of foraging the surrounding country. As a simple officer, inferior in rank, Pedro could indeed issue no injunction nor command to an attack, but he excited many of those around him, to attempt a deed of daring, and thus acquire great glory with the praises of their Queen. He was not long suffered to remain inactive. A body of Moorish cavalry soon issued from the city, and perceiving their intentions, he informed his comrades. Disregarding every hazard, they instantly assembled, and, though few in number, rushed at once upon the enemy.

Pedro combatted in the first rank of the assailants, and animated those around him, by his own impetuosity; but he desired rather the *flight*, than the destruction of his enemies. In each one he attacked, he respected the recollection of Almanza, and the standard of her race, and regarded it as criminal to shed that blood which was consecrated to defend the object of his love. As the day was disappearing, the retreat of the Moors became their only hope, and they fled in great disorder towards the city. This was the moment so much desired by Pedro, and, disregarding the entreaties of his followers, he hastened forward and entered, with his flying enemy, the walls of Granada. His companions returned in triumph to their camp with the prisoners they had captured, yet regretting the loss of one, whom they considered as a victim to his noble but imprudent daring. But Pedro, who had now obtained the object of his wishes, and enclosed himself within the ramparts that confined Almanza, yielded up his sabre to the first officer he met, and tranquilly submitted to the fetters of his enemies. The Moors conducted him to prison in silence, mingled with respect, astonishment, and admiration. The rumor of the skirmish was dispersed throughout the city, and each one was desirous to gaze upon the youthful prisoner, who had exhibited so much of intrepidity and courage.—By chance, Pedro passed before the residence of Almanza; and how shall we describe her feelings, when, attracted to her window by the noise without, she beheld her lover in chains and on his way to prison. Unable to restrain the first emotions of her sorrow and surprise, she uttered an

involuntary groan, which pierced even to the heart of Pedro, who, as he raised his eyes for a moment, and met the anguished look of his mistress, immediately fainted in the arms of his conductors.

It is indeed impossible to paint the despair of Almanza; the incertitude which weighed upon her spirit, the struggles of her mind, and the thousand resolutions which she formed and instantly abandoned. What had she not to fear? To his violent hatred of the Spaniards, Abdaral, her father, added also the characteristics of unyielding firmness, and though yet uncertain of the extent of the passion which his daughter entertained for Pedro, and but partially informed, still his suspicions were aroused, and his long continued silence on the subject was singular and ominous. Pedro was indeed but little known within the city; Abdaral had never seen him, but commanding, as he did, that portion of the castle where her lover was confined, it became a source of the greatest apprehension to Almanza, lest the slightest circumstance should lead to his discovery. Hers, however, was not a soul whose energies are paralyzed by sorrow; and, reflecting upon the horrors of his situation, she determined to invent the means of his escape. Nothing could divert her from the execution of her purpose, and having shielded herself from observation by disguise, she departed for the dungeon. The sentinel she had already passed, and was about to enjoy the miserable satisfaction of intercourse with her lover, when a sudden noise arrested every motion. Alas, it was Abdaral, her father, advancing with rapidity. What course remained? Flight she was unable to attempt with safety; and covering herself with her veil, and resting against the wall in the attitude of one who was weeping for some imprisoned relative, she determined to await the issue. The dark and narrow passage to the dungeon was fortunately enlightened only by a single lamp, and Abdaral, engaged alone with the idea which brought him thither, passed forward to the door, which opened at his orders. Interested more than ever in the danger of her lover, Almanza hurried forward to gain, if possible, the words and orders of her father, and thus discover the object of his visit. She had now reached the door through which he entered, and bending forward, heard, with trembling, the following dialogue.

“Who are you, miserable Spaniard?”

“Of what importance is the answer to you?—I return the question.”

“I am the commander of this fortress, the arbiter of your fate, about to deliver you to the executioner, if my suspicions are confirmed.”

“I fear you not—a soldier welcomes death.”

“If you was the infamous Pedro—”

“I should deserve pity for my sufferings—I should seek for death.”

“Do you know him then?”

“It may be.”

"Again I command you to disclose your name."

"Even in chains I receive no order from you."

"Tremble."

"I have never trembled."

"Unhappy wretch! have you then resolved to perish?"

"My life is in your power, my secret in my own, my soul belongs alone to God, and my heart to her whom I adore."

"I can doubt no longer your identity, you will soon learn the folly of the one who braves Abdaral."

Hardly had he pronounced these words, when his daughter retreated, fearful of discovery. How shall we attempt to judge of the impressions left upon the mind of Pedro. It was then Abdaral—it was the father of Almanza. He had announced himself—but alas, too late to allow his victim to demand the death which he awaited. He hurried towards the door—he would again recall him, but his voice dies upon his lips; the recollection of another is present to his mind; he ought, even while expiring, to respect her name. Perhaps she too would meet with suffering and reproach, should her implacable father know that he was Pedro. This reflection soothed his anguish; he became composed and resigned himself to death.

What now was the resolution of Almanza? Her father, almost certain that Pedro was within his power, was yet not fully satisfied, and whatever might be the sternness of his character, he would shrink from the commission of a useless act of cruelty. Or even allowing his suspicions to be just, by whose hand could he ensure the removal of his victim? As the commander of the fortress, he could not imbue his own in the blood of Pedro, whose noble resignation had obtained the esteem of all the Moors, and the interest even of his guards. In addition to this, the character of those in his employ was marked rather with the generous bearing of gallant chivalry, than the fierceness of a savage state, and an assassin was an object of abhorrence. These circumstances Almanza had foreseen, and determined, for the purpose of his safety, to denounce her lover. To effect this object, she confided to her faithful attendant, Mirza, the intentions she had formed, and requested her aid in managing her father. As soon, therefore, as Mirza reached the presence of Abdaral, she unhesitatingly accused the imprisoned Pedro.

"Yes, my Lord," she exclaimed, continuing a conversation the commencement of which would afford but little interest, "although appearing as a traitor to my mistress, still a care for your honor and your glory has induced me to come forward.—Pedro is undoubtedly within your power—of this my proofs are certain. Without the knowledge of my mistress he has introduced himself within the city, and, as I have learnt from one of your soldiers who was in the combat, did nothing but defend him-

self in the engagement, and made no attack, evincing, evidently, his design of following your troops within the walls; actions which establish beyond all doubt, his guilty projects. I respect my mistress and do not believe that she approves his conduct, but our sex is erring, and if the sufferings of Pedro should excite compassion in her bosom—if—"

"I understand you," Abdaral replied, "and the service you have rendered me, is one of great importance, and your liberty shall be your reward. But I have still farther need of your assistance. I must rid myself of Pedro, of this enemy of our race who has audaciously aspired to an alliance with my daughter, and who, perhaps, was about to force her from me and dishonor my distinguished name. Seek, therefore, among the slaves some faithful person who will end the life of this miserable Spaniard, and whatever recompense he may demand, it shall be granted."

"My Lord," responded Mirza, "this would be to award the execution of your vengeance to unworthy hands, for servitude extinguishes the courage of a slave, and removes from him every quality which is needed for this enterprise. Foreseeing what would be your resolution, I have already secured the assistance of one, a brave and ambitious deserter from the Spanish camp, who will gladly execute your orders. He demands of you *advancement*, and no other recompense, and the hatred which he bears to Pedro is a pledge for his fidelity."

"And how shall I," inquired Abdaral, "evince my gratitude to you for these efforts and attachment?"

"My Lord, I have my reward in the happiness I have afforded you. This evening I will conduct the one I have selected hither, to receive instructions, and your order for his entrance to the prison. He will appear before you in his armor, and the sole request that I would make, is, that you will suffer his vizier to be closed throughout the meeting. I will be present with him at the execution of his victim, and when your orders are accomplished, he will then readily announce his name."

(To be continued.)

For the Tablet.

Italy:

OR

THE EXTEMPORANEOUS POEM OF CORRINNA.

From the French of Mad. de Stael.

Bright and beautiful Italy,—empire of the sun, cradle of the letters, mistress of the world,—I offer you my salutation.—How often has the human race become your subject, conquered by your prowess, or allured by the splendor of your arts and the mildness of your climate.

Rome, conquered the world by her genius, and stood forth its queen in the exercise of freedom. The Roman character stamped itself upon surrounding nations, and the barbarous invasion which destroy-

ed Italy, obscured at once the universe. But Italy again appeared, beautiful with the unfading treasures which the exiled Greeks had borne into her bosom. Heaven, for the second time revealed her laws, her children discovered another hemisphere, she became again a queen by the sceptre of her thought. Her imagination restored her the universe which she had lost,—her poets and her painters fashioned for her another earth, a new Olympus, a Hell with its attendant Deities, and the guardian flame of her existence cherished better by her genius than the fabled god of the heathens, found in Europe no Prometheus to steal it from her treasures.

Why am I now before you at the Capitol? Why is my humble front about to be encircled with the crown which Petrarch has received before me, and which rests suspended on the tomb of Tasso? Is it not because you my fellow citizens, are enamoured with the height of glory, and would recompense its cultivation or acquirement? If then you admire that glory, which selects, alas, too often, her victims from those whom she has honored, dwell with pride upon the recollection of those ages which witnessed the revival of the Arts, when Dante the Homer of more modern time,—the poet of our mysterious religion, the Hero of all thought, crossed even the waters of the Styx that he might roam upon the shores of Hades, as profound in energy of mind as the depths he has described.

Italy, even at the moment of her glory, was resuscitated under Dante. Animated by the spirit of republics—a warrior no less than poet, he introduced a love of action even to the dead, and his shades have more of life than the beings of the present age. The recollection of the world pursues them still, and their passions influence their actions. It said that Dante when banished from his country, transported even into his imaginary regions, the pangs which gnawed upon his heart. His shades sighed for re-existence, as the poet did for information from his country, and his very hell seemed shadowed forth in the colors of his exile. Every thing in his perception came forth invested with the costume of his country, and the spirits of the dead which he excited, were Tuscan like himself. His genius was unbounded,—its power encompassed the universe within its grasp. A mystic bond of spheres and circles conducted him from hell to purgatory, and from thence again to paradise. A faithful historian of his vision, he has poured a flood of light upon the darkest regions and the world created in his triple poem is complete and animated, brilliant as a new discovered planet sparkling in the firmament. At his voice earth arrayed herself in all the charms of Poesy. Her objects and ideas, her laws and her phenomena seemed those of a new Olympus and of new divinities, and yet this fabric of imagination disappeared before his paradise—that ocean of all light glittering, with

innumerable stars—the stars of virtue and of Love.

The words of the greatest poet of our nation, were the magic prism of the universe by which its wonders were reflected, decomposed, united. His sounds represented colors,—his colors mingled in harmony, his rhyme, whether sonorous or gay, rapid or prolonged, was inspired by that poetic power,—the supreme beauty of art and the triumph of genius,—which discovers in the charms of nature, every secret which can operate on man.

Dante, hoped that his poem would obtain a recall from his exile,—he thought of its renown as a mediator in his behalf, but alas, he expired too soon to reap the honors of his country. It is often that the fleeting life of man is exhausted by its sorrows, and though fame may at last become his portion, and the plains of happiness appear before him, yet the tomb unbosoms itself at every entrance, and destiny in a thousand different forms announces the close of his existence while returning his enjoyment. It was thus with the unfortunate Tasso, whom your praises should console for all his sufferings. Noble and chivalric in his nature, exulting in his own exploits, and experiencing himself the love which he has celebrated, he approached your walls, like the Hero's of his own Jerusalem, with respect and gratitude. But even at the time appointed for his coronation, death reclaimed him for her banquet,—heaven became the jealous rival of the earth, and recalled her favorite from its deceitful praises.

In age more elevated and more marked with freedom, than that of Tasso, Petrarch as well as Dante was the champion of Italian independence. Elsewhere, he is known alone, as the poet of his love but, here a nobler recollection is his due,—for his country has inspired his muse, even better the beauties of his Laura. He revived antiquity by all his efforts, and far from finding in his imagination an obstacle to even the profoundest research, this creative power, embraced alike the future and revealed alike the past. He knew that knowledge aids invention, and his genius was the more original, because like the universal force of nature it was always present.

Our serene and delightful climate have inspired the muse of Ariosto. He is the beautiful rainbow of the heavens, appearing after our protracted contests. Brilliant and varied as that messenger of peace, he sports familiarly with life, and his gaiety is the gentle smile of nature and not the irony of man.

Michael Angelo, Raphael, Pergolese, Gallieo, and you intrepid voyagers, desirous of discovering other countries though nature can afford you none so beautiful as this, join also your glories to these distinguished poets. Artists, Savants and Philosophers, you like them are the offspring of a clime which gives birth to imagination,

animates thought and inspires with courage. Know ye too, inhabitants of other regions that I and where the orange-tree blooms on in beauty, and the beams of heaven play in the embrace of love? Have ye heard the melody of sounds, which celebrates the mildness of our nights? Have ye inhaled our air loaded with perfumes and sweetness? Answer me ye strangers, is nature with you as beautiful and prodigal.

Elsewhere, when calamities afflict a country, its inhabitants believe themselves abandoned of their God; but here we feel without cessation the protection of the deity. We know that he will interest himself in man and condescend to treat him as an elevated being.

The most delicate of pleasures, selected by the hand of Nature, are enjoyed by a nation worthy of her gifts. We love our gentle climate, our monuments of art, our country ancient in its origin and lasting in its glory. We covet not the boasted refinements of the world or the grosser pleasures of an avaricious people. Here our sensations intermingle with ideas, and our souls, as the air which we inhale, travels the confines both of Earth and Heaven. Here, too, genius seems at ease and if man oppress it efforts, nature is present to restore its vigor. Here too, can we find a consolation for the sorrows of the mind and while admiring the benevolence of God, the day-dream of our fleeting life seems lost in the majestic bosom of the undecaying universe.

* * * * *

Rome now is little more than the mighty sepulcher of nations. The Coliseum, the Obelisks and many a magnificent production gathered from an eastern land,—remembrances of periods that have passed away from Romulus to Leo X.,—are united here as if our grandeur had attracted that of other nations. When compared with theirs, our indolent life flows onward unperceived and the silence of the living is a homage of the dead—they alone are honored, and their names remain immortal. The master-pieces of our art are the productions of those who are no more, and our genius seems almost entombed in the graves of the departed.

It is perhaps one of the secret charms of Rome that it reconciles our imagination to the sleep of death. The nations of the south represent the end of life in colors far less gloomy than those of the north, and the sun no less than glory illuminates the tomb. It is thus that the bitterness of grief is done away. The heart may have been wounded and the soul oppressed with anguish, but our land restores us happiness and interweaves its pleasures with the sorrows of existence.

One boasting to Aristotle of the greatness of his country—'That,' saith Aristotle, 'is not to be considered, but whether you deserve to be of that great country.'

From the N. E. Monthly Magazine.

Death of Wilberforce.

I heard loud praise of heroes. But I saw
The blood-stain on their tablet. Then I marked
A torrent rushing from its mountain height,
Bearing the up torn laurel, while its strength
Amid the arid sands of Vanity
Did spend itself,—and lo! a warning voice
Sighed o'er the Ocean of Eternity,
"Behold the Warrior's glory."

History came,
Sublimely soaring on her wing of light,
And many a name of palatine and peer,
Monarch and prince, on her proud scroll she bore,
Blazoned by Fame. But 'mid the sea of Time
Helmet, and coronet, and diadem,
Rose boastful up and shone and disappeared,
Like the white foam crest on the tossing wave,
Forgotten, while beheld.

I heard a knell
Toll slow amid the consecrated aisles
Where slumber England's dead,—a solemn dirge
Break forth amid the tomb of kings, and say
That man was dust. And then a nation's tears
Fell down like rain; for it was meet to mourn.
But from the land of palm trees where doth flow
Sweet incense forth, from grove, and gum, and
flower,
Came richer tribute, breathing o'er the tomb
A prostrate nation's thanks.

Yes—Afric knelt—
That mourning mother, and, throughout the
earth
Taught her unfettered children to repeat
The name of WILBERFORCE, and bless the spot
Made sacred by his ashes. Yea, the world
Arose upon her crumbling throne to praise
The lofty mind that never knew to swerve,
Though holy Truth should beckon it to meet
The frown of the embattled universe.

And so I bowed me down on this far nook
Of the far West, and proudly traced the name
Of WILBERFORCE upon my country's scroll,
To be her guide as she unchained the slave,
And the bright model of her sons, who seek
True glory. And from every village haunt
And school, where rustic Science quaintly reigns.
I called the little ones, and forth they came,
To hear of Afric's champion, and to bless
The firm in purpose, and the full of days.

L. H. S.

At a camp meeting, a number of females continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his dry good humor, arose and said: "I think if the ladies standing on the benches, knew that they have holes in their stockings, they would sit down." The address had the desired effect; there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister, standing by him, and blushing to the temples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that," replied the old gentleman, "It is a fact; if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they would get them on?"

A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her own orchard, "for, who knows," says she, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit."

The Soldier's Return.

BY J. M. WILSON, ESQ.

Seven or eight years ago, I was traveling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey great coat, buttoned to the throat.—His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way-side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "That, added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love!—It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments and was silent, and, hastily raising his forefinger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued: "You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighborhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will

not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the till then invincible legions of the cuirassed Gauls rushed, with their war-horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the unsheathed sabres of the united glory of France, as they poured like torrents of death on the waving plumes of our devoted band, to extirpate our name from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then, then, in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the first flash of the young sun upon the earth when God said 'Let there be light!'—as the Scots Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, 'Scotland for ever!' 'Scotland for ever!' returned our tartaned clansmen; 'Scotland for ever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland for ever!' echoed 'Victory!' It was a moment of inspiration and of triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracts! The proud steed and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joys—yes, home and the fair the fair bosom that would welcome its hero—glory and the spirit of our fathers—all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration—of poetry felt by all, except the wretch,

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native, land!

Heavens!" added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued: "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love!"

While he was yet speaking, the grave digger, with a pick-axe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips

quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa' wi' ye," said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "what-na a way is that to gliff a body!—are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand;—"whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy on me!" replied the man of death, "ye are surely out o' your head—it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave—now are ye ony thing the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his posterity.

At the request of my fellow-traveler, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat round the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, "My mother?" The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother!—O my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me!—Look at me—speak to me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you too forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melan-

choly funerals and solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on his right—again he knocked, but he was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued—"Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! what's brought ye here—an' the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' never darken my door again wi' your ne'er-do-well countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridemaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell—for auld langsyne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did! And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say *fareweel*, but at present, I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see; for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. I thought it was ill enough, when,

hoping to find my father's forgiveness, I found them digging his grave; or, when I reached my mother's bedside, and found her only able to stretch out her hand and say—"It's my ain bairn!—it's my ain bairn! But I maun bid ye fareweel, Willie—fareweel already!—it is sair—sair!—But oh, may the blessing o' the God o' Abraham—." As she said this the death-rattle grew louder and louder in her throat—for a moment her eyes became as bright as diamonds—I thought it was the immortal spark leaving the body: and before I could speak, the cold film of death passed over them, and the tears I saw gathering in them while she was speaking rolled down the cheeks of a corpse! But oh, Jeanie, woman!—it wasna a trial like this—this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow!—But ye maun be anither's now—fareweel!—fareweel!"

"No! no!—my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie! save me!" and she threw herself into his arms. The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old great coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath to the astonished company the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle-aged man without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's ——— regiment of infantry, to whom long, years before she had given her young heart.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Home.

O Home! thou art in every place,
O'er all the boundless earth—
The centre of eternal space,
Where'er thou hast the birth.

They say, "a thousand miles from home,"
As from the dearest thing
That links our souls, the more we roam,
The more to it we cling.

What though ten thousand miles we run,
And add ten thousand more,
There is a Home—'tis like the sun
That travels still before.

Though not for us—though all be strange;
Yet fondest hearts there be,
In all the world's unmeasured range,
No home elsewhere can see.

O'er peopled realms, or deserts vast,
There still One Voice is heard—

'Tis Home—Home there her lot hath cast
Of man, of beast, or bird.

Within the forest's deepest shade,
Ten thousand depths around—
Home for each living thing is made
That creepeth on the ground.

Where life hath neither bed nor lair,
In silence, and in gloom
Home finds the lonely floweret there,
The worm within the tomb.

Home, Home—it is eternal love—
His presence and His praise—
O'er all, around, below, above,
Creation's boundless ways—

E'en in the poor defiled heart,
The present Home of sin,
God said, Let wickedness depart,
And We will dwell therein.

Blest Spirit, thou that Home prepare,
Do thou make clean, secure,
Lest Love should seek his dwelling there,
His Home, nor find it pure.

Thou, when this earthly Home shall fall,
As built on erring sands—
Me to that heavenly mansion call,
Prepared, not made with hands.

That Home of love, and joy, and peace,
No sorrow in the breast—
From troubling, where the wicked cease,
And where the weary rest. E.

The Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American Revolution commenced, he ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, and bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle ground. A company was raised in his parish, and proceeded. Some causes, however, were found to retard their progress on the way. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, by his influence, quickened their march, and soon presented them to General Stark.—Learning from him that he meditated an attack on the enemy, he said he would fight, but could not willingly bear arms against them until he had invited them to submit. He was insensible to fear, and accordingly proceeded so near as to make himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Turning calmly to a friend who had followed him under cover of the breast-work which formed his footstool, he said—"Now give me a gun;" and this is said to be the first American gun that spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American arms, and contributed honorably to that result.

All that's bright must Fade.

All that's bright must fade
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
'The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

Say and Do.

A MODERN ALLEGORY.

Say and Do are two very important personages in the business transactions of life. To the uninitiated in the mysteries of the science of '*getting through the world*,' they would seem to be inseparable companions, of very similar characters; yet quite the reverse of this is the fact. It is true they are frequently found together, but two beings more unlike in all respects, it would be impossible to find in an inland journey from Portland to Pensacola.

Say is the politest fellow in the world, and is apparently a person of great kindness of heart. He is rather anxious than otherwise for new acquaintances; is not particular whether high or low, merchant or mechanic, builder or artisan; but has a slight preference for the 'higher circles,' by whom such services as he is ever willing and ready to render are more frequently called for, though less often needed, than by the more humble. He always approaches one smiling most benevolently, and rubbing his hands *a la Napoleon*; and accompanies almost every syllable he utters by a graceful inclination of the head and body. He has a great deal of shrewdness, is never at loss for a reply to any question, and is exceedingly quick of action. A French *petit maitre* could not glide over your carpets with such carefulness and perfect ease as characterise his movements; nor could a George-the-fourth exhibit more dignity of manner on any occasion, then he will in bowing you out of his counting room. Notwithstanding all these enviable qualities, there are two other remarkable traits in Mr. Say's character, which should not be passed over unnoticed; these are, his enduring and unalterable friendship for his occasional companion Do, and his entire disregard, further than mere acquaintanceship is concerned, and true politeness, of the whole world beside.

Do is an entirely different sort of being. He is a prodigy of shyness; and one might

as well try to humanise an ourang-outang as to make his acquaintance. If you ever have any business with him, you will find him the tardiest fellow you shall have to deal with in a life-time. Be you in ever so great a hurry, it makes no difference with him: he takes his own time to everything; and you may wait and wait till your patience is entirely worn out, and have to resort to coercive measures at last. And ten to one but that at the consummation of your business, how tedious soever he may have been in acquitting himself of a long-standing obligation, or in rendering you justice in a pecuniary matter, he will think himself conferring a very great favor upon you, and expect from you various manifestations of gratitude.

Such are the characters of Say and Do—individuals with whom all business men have more or less intercourse. Is it not strange, that two beings of so very different dispositions and manners, should take it into their heads to be friends? Such, however, is the case; and there is no accounting for it except by the doctrine of *opposites*. But we do not intend to be metaphysical. We resign that department of our paper to our talented correspondent 'X,' and proceed with all despatch to look a little further into the character of the individuals whose names we are holding up to the present age and handing down to posterity.

Let Say get into a difficulty,—which he sometimes does notwithstanding his many remarkable qualities,—and be pushed to the uttermost, and Do is sure to fly to his relief. He never shows himself, however, till the last moment. Whereas, let Do be overtaken by adversities ever so slight, or encompassed with troubles the most depressing, Say is at his side in a moment. And though not always so successful as Do in his offices of kindness, yet he exerts himself manfully—sometimes even to the injury of his lungs.

Now this friendship,—praiseworthy as it must be acknowledged to be, and important as it undoubtedly is to the two individuals concerned,—is a source of very considerable annoyance to the world in general. To make what I mean by 'annoyance' plain to the commonest understanding, I will give a brief illustration.

Say owes you a sum of money, which you stand much in need of. You call and call, time after time, and are as often put off by the fellow's smoothness of tongue and perfect gentlemanliness. If you eventually hint a fear, he does not fly into a passion, and give you an excuse for pushing matters, but offers you his friend Do as security, with all imaginable good grace. You are fascinated for the moment; a great abatement of the urgency of your demands ensues; and as Do is not to be found at all times, and appears voluntarily only in cases of extreme emergency, you pocket a *promise*, take your leave, and are kept out of your just dues from January to

December, or longer. Or we will suppose that Do is the debtor. The fashions have changed, some prints having been received in town of nondescript dresses which all the gentlewomen of Paris have laughed at on account of their ridiculousness, and your wife or daughter wants fifty or an hundred dollars, that she may be able to 'make her appearance in the street like other men's wives or daughters.' To keep your house from being turned into a bedlam, you promise to gratify her: having in view the fact that Mr. Do has promised to call at nine o'clock in the morning and liquidate your claims against him; part of which sum you think *you can spare* to support the capriciousness of Dame Fashion. The hour comes, but Mr. Do comes not with it. It passes; and another arrives, but still Mr. Do does not make his appearance.—Well, in something of a rage, you go in search of him, determined that he shall now 'toe the mark,' or fare worse. And what next? Why, an hundred to one, but the first person you meet is Mr. Say, with his brow of benevolence and irritable air of politeness. He is just on his way to see you, at the request of Mr. Do: and apologises for the failure of his friend so earnestly and so eloquently, and with so much of the *suaviter in modo*, that you are in a good humor with the delinquent almost before you know it, and are nearly as well pleased to pocket another *promise*, as you would be to pocket something of more value.

N. B. While with Mr. Say you have entirely forgotten the change in the fashions.

P. S. Your wife or daughter has your promise, however, for the wherewith to procure the Parisian nondescripts, and *she cannot* be put off.

'Thus wags the world!'

W. D. G.

Horrors of Despotism.—I remember once conversing with a Russian gentleman of liberal and enlightened views, who related to me the history of his arrest at St. Petersburg, by the Emperor Alexander, on suspicion—and his subsequent years of captivity, and exile in a military province, where snows, labor, hard lying, and every sort of severity reduced him to a mere shadow, when, by accident rather than design, he was set at liberty on the accession of the present man, Nicholas. I remember that he told me that it was in a night in February, when descending from his carriage at his hotel at St. Petersburg on his return from the theater, that at the moment of entering his dwelling two officers of the police presented themselves—demanded if his name was not —? He replied in the affirmative. 'You must go with us,' 'Where?' he demanded. 'Never mind, you must go with us.' 'Who are you,' demanded the Russian gentleman. 'Never mind you must go with us.'—'Let me first go up stairs and arrange my affairs.' 'No, you must go with us.' 'But I shall not be an hour.' 'No, you have not a minute. 'Then let me at

least, embrace my wife and children, and tell them I am arrested.' 'No, our orders are peremptory, you must go with us.'—They placed him instantly on a sledge—they sat on each side—in two minutes the vehicle drove off; and in a few hours afterwards his wife and children knew from a copy of a receipt sent to them, that their father and their husband was hurried away perhaps forever. The mother and wife lost their senses, and died in a mad-house. The children survived, but the daughter fell a victim to seduction, and the son was made a soldier. There is no fiction and no exaggeration in this. It is a picture unvarnished, and indeed a mere sketch of what we mean when we write against despotic governments—and such facts as these chill our blood, nerve our arms, and make us swear eternal enmity to despotic governments and absolute monarchies.—O. P. Q.

The Shield.

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the play form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging
shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

Matanzas.

Matanzas is situated on the North side of the Island of Cuba, nearly opposite the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, and twenty leagues to the Eastward of Havana; immediately between two rivers, the San Juan and Yumuri, at the bottom of a spacious bay. Its appearance forms a striking contrast to the noise and bustle, the close built streets, and crowded towers of the wall-encircled metropolis; like an Indian village on the sloping border of some peaceful lake, it is seen silently creeping over its easy ascent in scattered security. In the rear, the mighty Pan lifts its dark blue summit, in solitary majesty, above the rising ground which conceals its base from the view; and a deep, narrow chasm in the hill to the right, affords a channel to the river forming the Northern boundary to the city, while it discloses a partial glimpse of the beautiful valley of Yumuri.

Matanzas, or "the place of slaughter," derives its name from having been the scene of a horrid and fatal massacre of the peaceable and defenceless aborigines, about the year 1511—and tradition reports that when pursued by their blood-thirsty invaders, thousands of these inoffensive creatures, with an universal shriek of "*Yo Mori! Yo Mori!* I am killed, I am killed," in imitation of the Spanish, rushed headlong, in amazement, over the immense precipices overhanging the valley:—from whence originates its name.

Frequently during the night, (for there are no gates to the city,) the Monteros, or countrymen, are heard, returning on horse-back to their homes, singing some ballad or national song, in a tone peculiar to themselves, generally accompanied by the guitar; and as my window overlooked the bridge of Yumuri, the song and guitar have frequently drawn me to watch the rude musician as he passed, dressed in his check-shirt and pantaloons, the latter drawn tight over the hips, by which alone they are supported, his broad brimmed straw hat, and his long Machete, or straight sword at his side.

In Cuba, a well regulated Coffee Estate, is a perfect garden. One of moderate size, has from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand trees, producing, each, an average of about half a pound of cleaned grain. The trees, which are not allowed to exceed about five feet in height, are planted six feet apart, in rows intersecting each other transversely and obliquely, in squares of ten thousand. The squares are separated by broad alleys, lined either with lime-hedges, pine-apples, flowers, or fruit trees. The dwelling-house is generally placed at the bottom of the center avenue, which is always broader than the rest, and is sometimes planted with bamboos, or young palms, or mangoes, or other fruit trees of large size; and sometimes left to correspond with the other alleys. The negro houses form two-thirds of a rotunda, or three sides of an oblong square, immediately behind it; and the other buildings, the pasture grounds, &c. are behind these again. Thus, the house commands the entire prospect of the estate; and as the trees are regularly pruned, their round tops, (scarcely distinguishing the even rows in which they are planted,) present a wide extended field, perfectly level, to the eye, which, when in bloom, has the appearance of being sprinkled over with snow—forming an agreeable contrast to the red mahogany color of the soil, which is always kept quite clean. The tall, straight, slender palms, are sparingly scattered throughout, and their plummy tops, waving in the wind, break the monotony of the view, and give it an air of enchantment truly delightful. Here and there, tufts of the feathery bamboo, with its long narrow leaves of light green, lend additional diversity; and patches of the broad leaved plantain, present the idea of towns of fairy windmills; while the tremen-

dous cotton tree, with its large, smooth, silver-colored trunk, bulging out towards the center, heaves out, from its very top, its gigantic arms, and, towering over all, appears the genius of the scene.

Married.

In Hartford, Mr. H. L. Clark, of the firm of D. & H. L. Clark, to Miss Juliette Greenleaf.

In Hartford, Mr. Edwin Hale, to Miss Emeline Coles.

In Stratford, by the Rev. James H. Linsley Mr. Charles E. Smith to Miss Laura Rood, both of Milford.

At Middletown, Mr. Calvin L. Webb to Miss Sarah Shailer, both of Saybrook. Mr. Chauncey Case, of Hartford, to Miss Catharine G. Mildrum.

At Chatham, (Middle Haddam Society) Mr. Alvan Carrier to Miss Maria Jacobs.

At Cheshire, Mr. Sidney Bushnell to Miss Wealthy Starkey.

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Feb. 1.

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We refer to Professor Silliman. Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

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Oct. 12.

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